



LATIN  
SCHOOL  
REGISTER  
MAR  
1903



# THE REGISTER

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# Latin School Register

VOLUME XXII., No. 7

MARCH, 1903

ISSUED MONTHLY

## MEDON, THE COWARD

THE twilight was slowly falling over the Carduchian hills as the little band of Greeks encamped for the night beside a small stream of fresh, sparkling water. The brazen voice of the great herald had just bel- lowed forth the order to get supper. The Greeks were gathered in groups around the fires, over which they were cooking their food. The outposts had been stationed around the camp; every point was secure against surprise. In the middle of the camp was a great crowd of camp followers and light infantry. The night fell and gradually enveloped the camp in a myste- rious gloom, lightened here and there by the camp-fires; these, too, were gradually dying out, as wood was scarce, and it was dangerous to venture far from the force into the coun- try of the hardy mountain tribes in search of more. The captains and generals had been summoned to a council in the tent of Chiriso- phus.

The low murmur of voices arose around the various camp-fires. The hoarse voice of Cleo- phas was heard above the rest, even above the rattling of sundry pieces of armor, as some sturdy son of Hellas busied himself in polish- ing his weapons for the next day's fighting.

"I tell thee the lad is a coward. By Ares, there's no courage in any of your listless Ly- dians. As for Medon, he surpasses all his countrymen in taint-heartedness. Give me a dozen good old sturdy Arcadians, and, if Zeus be willing, I'd trust more to them than to a hundred pampered Asiatics. Medon, in- deed!"

There was silence for a moment, then the voice of Asias rose in protest:—

"Thou dost wrong the lad. Thine own valor and prowess lead thee to expect as much from others as thou thyself hast; but he is not without courage."

"As thou wilt, Asias," replied Cleophas, somewhat mollified by the former's praise. "But let him prove it to us all, ere thou be so partial to his martial spirit."

Finally the fires died low; only the weary sentinels were left awake, and the camp was wrapped in deep slumber.

Ere Aurora's minions threw back the doors of light, and while yet the golden couch of Phoebus was draped with its dark blue mantle, star-besprinkled, the flaming eye of Venus be- held the Greeks already on the march. Si- lently they went, for each one knew that on the issue of that day's fight rested their fate. That narrow defile must be taken and passed, or else — death, by cold and hunger, or at the hands of the natives. Many an ear was deaf to the jests of the men around; many an eye saw not the rugged mountains with that one small pass cleft through the solid rock; in their place rose the image of the homes in Greece, the little ones at play, the wife busy at the loom, the young men engaging in feats of strength and skill; and, above all, the rugged strength of those bare-topped hills of Hellas.

Scarce any one spoke as they approached the defile. The enemy was hidden in the rocky clefts of those stern cliffs. The head of the column entered the defile, and then broke forth



*"Suddenly the peacocks rose, swelling louder and more loud; then dying away in the echoes of the stern and rocky hills."*



the storm. They pressed on, in spite of arrow, spear, or rock. But now they wavered. The enemy, hidden above, hurled down such a storm of missiles that it was impossible to march through the pass. The Greeks were forced to draw back. Cleophas and Asias and Medon were together in the van. The three glanced upward; Asias turned to Cleophas, said something, undistinguishable above the roar of battle, and Cleophas bowed his head in shame. Medon flushed, then turned pale. His eyes flashed with a sudden resolve. Again the foremost of the Greeks dashed in, but Medon was not with them. The fight grew hot. The Greeks pressed farther and farther, then came to a full stop. They could neither advance nor retreat. The shower of missiles was overwhelming. Suddenly the pressure grew perceptibly less. There was a great shout from the Greeks outside the pass, and Asias looked up.

On the hillside far above them stood a lone figure. It bent forward, struggled, and suddenly a great boulder came crashing down upon the enemy from above. The shower of missiles on the Greeks in the pass ceased altogether. The enemy were panic-stricken. Rock upon rock came down upon them, while the Greeks gazed upward in amazement.

"By Ares, 'tis Medon," cried Cleophas, as the figure straightened up for an instant.

Taking advantage of the momentary lull, the Greeks charged forward and swarmed through the pass, with exultant shouts of victory. On that lofty spur the figure was still toiling at the boulders, while the enemy's arrows sung around him. A particularly large rock refused to move, and, straightening up to get a stronger foothold, Medon again bent to the boulder. It moved, toppled, and fell, grinding everything to powder, and bounding from crag to crag as if but a pebble. But it did not fall alone.

Suddenly a native arrow smote the lad in the breast. He stepped back a little, clutched convulsively at the shaft, then straightened up and

toppled over the edge of the crag. He struck an out-jutting ledge, whirled over and over and struck at the foot of the pass. It was Cleophas himself who braved the weapons of the rallying enemy, and, amid a cloud of arrows, javelins, and darts, rushed back into the pass, picked up the lad and rushed back to the Greeks assembled at the further side of the defile. Not too late to receive an arrow in the thigh, however, and, as he stooped impatiently to pluck it out, the lad spoke faintly:

"Thou saidst last night no — Lydian — was a — brave man. I was near —" (the words came hard, and with many gasps for breath) "and — heard you. I — have proved — the courage — of — my — race."

"Ay, lad, there is one brave Lydian, at least;" then turning to Asias, who was standing by his side, he said, with an impatient dash at his eyes with one mighty hand:

"Do you take the boy, for my eyes are filled with the dust of battle, and I am faint with my wound."

That night the Greeks encamped in the fertile plain beyond the fatal pass. Suddenly the pæan rose, swelling louder and more loud; then dying away in the echoes of the stern and rocky hills. And in the morning the natives watched the Greeks march across the river, and finally become lost in the blue distance over the broad plain.

E. E. H., '03.



Madly blow the winds of spring,  
And sweep before them everything;  
Roars the brook, from ice set free,  
Cheery in its merry glee,  
Ho! ho! See grim cold winter flee.

A. R. M., '03.

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## W E S L E Y A N L E T T E R

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8 NORTH COLLEGE, WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,  
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

*To the Editor of the REGISTER:*

Other colleges are being so extensively advertised and brought before the minds of preparatory school men nowadays that I feel it my duty to give you fellows of the Latin School a few facts concerning Wesleyan University.

I wish, first, to correct the common, mistaken idea that Wesleyan is a theological school. It is true that graduates of the college very often become clergymen, but it is no more because they are Wesleyan graduates than it would be were they graduates of Harvard, Yale, or any of the more-widely known colleges. Nor is it true that Wesleyan is a sectarian institution, for there is a minority of Methodist students at the college. I don't mean to give the impression by this statement that Wesleyan men are not embodied with the highest principles of honor and true manliness, for the college has always maintained such a record for purity in athletics as would be hard to parallel in any other college in New England.

In scholarship Wesleyan stands at the head of the smaller colleges, and, indeed, President Eliot, of Harvard, in a comparative estimate of the scholarly standards of American colleges, places Wesleyan second, Harvard being at the head of the list. Our faculty, in proportion to the size of the institution, can nowhere be equaled. We have such men as Prof. Rice, Prof. Winchester, Prof. Atwater and Prof. Hibbard, all of whom personally superintend courses, even in the Freshman class.

We have an enviable record in athletics, although our football season turned out rather disastrously this year. All but two of the 1901 team graduated last year, and six Freshmen made the Varsity this season. Only three men

were able to play on the team throughout the fall, the rest being out of the game a great part of the time on account of injuries, but in spite of all this bad luck we held Brown to a score of 5-0, and were only defeated by the strong Dartmouth team, 12-5. The prospects for a strong team next year are exceptionally bright.

The college is situated at Middletown, in the most beautiful part of Connecticut. From the top of the hill on which the college lies, one can see for miles up and down the Connecticut river, until it is finally lost to sight among the hills which have helped make the Connecticut valley famous.

We have a magnificent campus which, with its lining of enormous elms and firs, lies in front of the row of college buildings. Just back of these buildings is our athletic field, finely equipped with gymnasium, quarter-mile cinder track, football and baseball fields.

A person visiting Wesleyan is always impressed by the display of college spirit. Every student becomes, after a very short while at college, acquainted not only with the men of his class, but with the whole college, including the professors. The fraternity system is one of the main features of the college life. After their Freshman year, fraternity men live at their club houses. To hold them together, there are, in addition to the fraternities, two secret societies in each class, consisting of about two representative men each from the different fraternities.

One other important organization in the college is the Musical Club. Wesleyan is, perhaps, more widely known throughout the west and south by her Glee and Mandolin Clubs than by anything else. The 1902 Club was almost universally considered the best of the country.

If any of my readers wish to know more



particulars concerning the college I shall be glad to hear from them, and will do my best to answer satisfactorily all inquiries. It is my earnest hope that in the future more men from

the Latin School will help raise higher the high standard of Wesleyan, both by their recognized scholarly ability and by their all-around qualities.

G. G. GATCH, '02.

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## M R C A P E N

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IN conjunction with the Washington's Birthday exercises held in the exhibition hall February 20, a portrait of our Senior Master, Mr. Charles J. Capen, was unveiled. The picture is by Ibsen and was presented by the Boston Latin School Association. For fifty years has Mr. Capen been connected with the Latin School as a teacher, becoming Senior Master in 1870. Those boys who have been so fortunate as to have been under Mr. Capen's instruction will never forget how pleasant the Latin language was made for them by his own peculiar methods. Those boys who have never had Mr. Capen have nevertheless become familiar with his substantial figure and his kindly face, overtopped by his noble forehead and crowned with his thick, dark hair, only slightly streaked with grey, in spite of the weight of eighty years.

Mr. Capen was born in South Boston April 5, 1823. He fitted for college at the Latin School and graduated from Harvard in the class

of 1844. Part of his college expenses he paid with his earnings as an organist. His father, pastor of the Hawes Place Church, South Boston, owned a fine piano, on which the boy learned to play without a teacher. He was the organist of the West Cambridge Church, about four miles from the college. Mr. Capen originally intended to become a doctor, but immediately after his graduation he became a teacher in the first Middle School at Dedham. In 1848 he opened a private high school for fitting boys for college, and in 1851 he became principal of the Dedham High School, then just started. In the fall of 1852 he became an "usher" in the Latin School under Head Master Dr. Francis Gardner. He became a sub-master in 1867 and Master in 1870, as has been said before, a position he has held till now, and which he will continue to hold, we hope, for many years to come.

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## THE EXERCISES, FEBRUARY 20

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Since the separation of the Washington's Birthday exercises from the Class Day exercises, interest in both has materially increased. February 22 has now become a day which is to be celebrated by the whole school and not by the first class alone. The exercises this year surpassed in interest those of any of the preceding years in our memory. The distinct departure from the usual mode of procedure, and the unveiling of Mr. Capen's portrait were both conducive to exciting interest. The

exhibition drill which followed went off smoothly and was enjoyed by the many spectators who cared to stay. Early in the morning the visitors began to arrive and by ten twenty, when all the classes were in their seats, the hall was pretty well filled. The exercises were opened by music by the orchestra under Mr. Henderson's direction. This was followed by Mr. Capen's "National Airs." The unveiling of the portrait was greeted with loud applause, as was also Dr. E. E. Hale's

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pleasing speech. Portions of Washington's Farewell Address were read by A. L. Benshimol, a custom which has prevailed in the Latin School ever since Shakespeare graduated in 1578. This was followed by more music by the orchestra, and then came four short essays by members of the four upper classes. Cris M. Burlingame, '06, read a pleasing essay on "Washington's Great Generalship." Charles W. Brown, of the third class, followed with an essay on "Washington's Pure Character and Patriotism." Isaiah L. Sharpman of the second class read a paper on "Washington's Statecraft," and J. A. Fitzgerald, of the first class gave a general summing up of the points of the other essays. All these papers were interesting and profitable and showed ability and research. "There was a Tack," rendered by the Glee Club, under Mr. Howell, tended to enliven the proceedings. The words of "Hail! Columbia" were recited by Sumner S. Gordon of the sixth class.

Then while the orchestra was playing the music, came the feature which aroused the curiosity of all, teachers, scholars, and visitors. The "Salute by the *Present* to the *Past*," was a pleasure which no one but Mr. Fiske knew the exact nature of. While all eyes were on Quartermaster Wogan and Lieutenant Bailey of the first class, dressed in his uniform as a member of the state militia, in at the opposite door stalked a tall Continental. Up on the platform they went, saluted, and marched off again amidst great applause and considerable merriment. Then came the final music by the orchestra and we were dismissed for drill. The drill consisted of a salute to the colors, commanded by Captain Hanley; company drill by Companies A, B, C, and D, and battalion parade under Captain Littlefield. As a whole the exercises of the day will be hard for succeeding years to surpass, and were enjoyed most thoroughly by all.

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## THE BIRTH OF BOLOGNA

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(Presented for purposes of comparison.)

Down in a dirty, New York slum,  
The gas-lights feebly were shining;  
A sorrowful cur, most woefully glum,  
For new excitement was wishing.

Night, with her darkness, inky black,  
Cov'ring all evils, was falling;  
Poor doggie saw not a man with a sack,  
Who up behind him came creeping.

In, trembling with fear, the cur was thrust,  
And carried away, unwilling,  
Till he came to the awful sausage trust,  
Where cruel machines were grinding.

Out from the turmoil into life,  
Ever for mortals death-bearing,  
Sprang forth the symbol of colic and strife,  
Bologna, stomach ache causing.

Two little children bologna ate,  
While their mother to duties was tending;  
Sad, indeed, was the little ones' fate,  
Sadder still was their suff'ring.

Two little ghosts in a graveyard lurk,  
To people terror inspiring;  
The baleful bologna has got in its work,  
The death of the cur well avenging.

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We always thought Witherby was pretty tall but when we saw him February 20 as a Continental he seemed to surpass all records.

The Franklin Athletic Club held a dance on the evening of February 20. Littlefield, Somes and Abbott were present from B. L. S.

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## N O T E S

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Four generations of teachers of the Latin School were represented at the exercises on February 21. Dr. Hale was once a teacher of Mr. Capen; Mr. Capen in turn was an instructor over Mr. Mullen, and Mr. Mullen was once Master to Mr. P. T. Campbell.

Among other visitors February 20, were Murray, Field, and Hallett, B. L. S. 'co.

We heartily agree with one of our contributors that Bologna is not far from being Bellona, in that it causes much suffering and distress.

The number of men to compete for the Individual Prize has again been limited to twenty-four men, three from each company. Competitive drills decide who the fortunate ones are, and thus we are sure we have the best drillers to compete April 3.

Wall, of the Out-of-Course class, has returned to school.

E. B. Corbett, '04 — he with the voice — has left school.

If it rains on the day of the prize drill, don't wear your duck pants to school. Bring them with you and put them on at Mechanics building.

As many as possible of the non-drillers in the school ought to go to the prize drill. The expense is heavy, the price of the tickets is small — only twenty-five cents, — so let everyone come and bring friends.

The officers of the Dorchester High School held their annual party on Friday evening, February 13. B. L. S. was represented by Quartermaster Wogan, Captain Littlefield, and Captain Mahar.

*De galons sur leurs habits.*

Grocery boxes for their clothes.

The ninth annual officers' party of the Medford High School battalion was held at Assembly hall, Medford High School, on Friday evening, February 27.

B. L. S. was represented by Captain McMichael, Captain Middleton, Captain Hanlon, Lieutenant Heath and Lieutenant Wilson. Kent of B. L. S. was also present.

On Friday evening, February 13, the officers of the Brockton High School held a Prize Drill and Dance. B. L. S. was represented by Captain Shanahan.

The Annual Officer's Party of the Roxbury High School was held Saturday afternoon, February 14. B. L. S. was represented by Captain McMichael, Captain Hanlon, Captain Mahar and Lieutenant Pfeffer.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said the horse-thief, when the howling mob grabbed him.

"Well, I'll be blamed," said the cat, when the cook knocked some cut glass off the table.

*Donnant le bras a Miss Lydia.*

Donning his arm for Miss Lydia.

*L'orgueil sur son front.*

The eye in front of him.

*Elle lui offrit une cuiller.*

She offered to spoon with him.

*Elle est morte d'une haleine courte.*

She died of short breath.

*Te jam, Catilina comprehendi jussero.*

Shall I order some jam to be brought for you, Catiline?

*Tu battais la campagne.*

You biffed the campaign.

*In curvum misit.*

He sent an incurve.

# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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MARCH, 1903

EVERY year between fifty and sixty young men over eighteen years of age leave this school for good. Perhaps a dozen or so visit the old school again within a year of their leaving ; then they go, never to return, most of them. Most of these young men seem to be unaware of the existence of an organization which was formed expressly to keep the graduates of the Latin School in touch with their Alma Mater. The Boston Latin School Association, founded in 1844, and containing in its list of members the names of some of the most famous men of to-day, is composed of men who have been connected with the school in some capacity in the past, or are now connected with it. It is an organization of which the school is justly proud, for it represents the fruits of her labors for many a year. Statesmen and learned scholars boast of their membership in this Association. But we do not mean to convey the impression that only old and great men can and do belong to this Society. Any fellow who has been connected with the Latin School, and who is over eighteen, may join simply by paying the entrance fee of one dollar, and by signing the constitution. The Association meets yearly to conduct such business as is nec-

essary. Many of the portraits now hanging in the hall were presented to the school by the Association. Every member of the school over eighteen years of age ought to consider it not a duty, but a pleasure and a privilege to join the Boston Latin School Association. In no other way can he keep in so close touch with his Alma Mater. We hope every member of the present graduating class will visit Mr. Jones, in Room 16, and join this Association of the loyal sons of B. L. S.

How quickly the time passes ! Only a little while ago, as it seems, we were up in the hall listening to the opening words of Mr. Fiske at the beginning of the school year. Only a day or two ago we were cheering our football team on to victory against all comers ; now we are getting ready for baseball. The school year is over half gone, and the class of '03 has only a short four months more at this old school. It doesn't seem so long ago that we were in the third class, wishing we were in the first class and entitled to sit in that little bunch of seats on the left of the platform. Well, we are there now, and yet how soon must we relinquish our places to our successors ! How soon



must we join the great throng of graduates who wander back, one by one, and hear some luckless fellow reciting the self-same lessons we groaned and sweated over. Truly time flies on the wings of the wind.

Possibly there lingers in the memory of some of our readers a faint idea that something has been said once or twice in these pages about an exchange column, and our attitude toward it. Early in the fall we declared we would not have an exchange column this year, and we watched with considerable interest the pages of our contemporaries for comments on this statement. There were many. Some evidently respect the opinions of others, and in a gentlemanly way argued the question, for and against. Others attacked us virulently. At first we were overwhelmed with grief that we should have incurred such displeasure, but we soon recovered when we looked over the papers that attacked us. One of these papers we recognized as the one that was so bitterly and justly scored by our editors of two years ago. This little paper heads its exchange column thus: — "Cruel biffs from the brutal one; cruel stabs from the caustic one," and so forth. In its exchange column it makes it its object to pick flaws in other papers, regardless of the many good points they may have. If theirs is a sample of an exchange column we want "none of it in ours." A local contemporary, in a recent editorial, gave a lofty and eloquent discourse on what the exchange column should

be. We notice, however, that this paper follows out its ideal but to a slight extent. We earnestly entreat it to come down out of the clouds from its lofty throne and talk not about what an exchange column ought to be, but what it is now. We desire to deal with facts, and not with theories. An exchange column, conducted according to the ideal of our friend, would, indeed, be fraught with great good to school papers in general; and, we say this seriously, we would applaud most heartily a column conducted in this way. Until that golden age arrives, however, we shall continue to regard this column as a nuisance. Several school papers have come to our way of thinking, and we hope that soon an exchange column will be limited to the few conservatives who are violently opposed to any change for the better. Indeed, all the papers who have tried to persuade or browbeat us into having an exchange column have only strengthened our antipathy to it. The very papers that urge us to adopt this column abuse it in such a way as to make us think that they wish all to descend to their level and adopt their own evils and poor methods. At any rate, whatever one may feel concerning this subject, let him at least act in a manly way about it, as many, and in this number are included our Boston exchanges, have done, and not after the fashion of the animal that barks at men's heels and runs when turned upon, as some of our exchanges, and among these some we previously held a high opinion of, have acted.

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The officers of the Brighton High School Cadets held their annual party on Saturday afternoon, February 21. B. L. S. was well represented by Captain Shanahan, Captain Hanlon, Captain Middleton, Lieutenant Heath, Lieutenant Meserve, Lieutenant Pfeffer, Lieutenant Bailey, Drum Major Stewart, Sergeant Marion, Sergeant Hutchinson, Sergeant Faunce, and Cleo O'Donnell.

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The officers of the English High School Cadets held their annual party in the drill hall, on Monday afternoon, February 23. Captain Shanahan, Captain McMichael, Captain Mahar, Captain Middleton, Lieutenant Wilson, Lieutenant Pfeffer, Drum Major Stewart, Sergeant Somes and Sergeant Ramsey were present from B. L. S.

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AN EGYPTIAN TRAGEDY

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SEVERAL years ago I was travelling in Egypt for pleasure and seeking some addition to my collection of old parchments and papyri. I had established my headquarters in the Batn-Hajar district, near the second cataract, and from this point I made expeditions into the desert in all directions.

One memorable day I started southward to the Dongoola district as I had heard rumors of a buried city there. I went without a guide, as the Copts seemed to have a superstitious fear of ruined cities and temples. This was not true in the case of the Arabs, who would ruthlessly break open a mummy case for the gold ornaments it almost always contained, but these same thieving propensities led me to make the journey without an Arab guide.

I had minute directions and a good camel and had little trouble in finding the spot, which I reached just before dark on the third day. I camped for the night on the outskirts of the buried city, and the next morning at daybreak I started on foot to explore the ruins. These were almost completely buried by the shifting sands, only a few standing columns being visible. After four hours' fruitless search, I started back in disappointment to my camp, returning by a more direct route than that by which I had come. I was striding heavily along a slight ridge when, without warning, the ground beneath my feet gave way and I felt myself slipping down into the yielding sand. Before I really knew what the matter was my head struck something with terrific force and then all became a blank.

Just how long I remained senseless I shall never know, but when I recovered consciousness all was dark and I was partly covered with the sand, which had evidently fallen in with me. I sat up and looked about. As nearly as I could distinguish by the faint light, I was in a room about ten feet square, in the

roof of which, about thirty feet above me, was a ragged opening which was evidently the means of my ingress. The walls were bare save for a projecting stone in the corner nearest the hole in the roof. This boulder was shaped much like a square beam and stood out from the wall about fifteen feet from the floor. Ten feet above that was a similar boulder, which I had doubtless struck in my fall. Something, I could not make out at first what, dangled from the upper stone to the lower one and, slowly, as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I saw that it was an old, rusty chain.

My first desire was, of course, to get out, and I groped about on the floor in search of some fragments of stone which I might pile together, and by standing on them, reach the lower of the boulders. Then I purposed to climb up the chain to the upper projection and thence make my way to the hole through which I had fallen; this seemed to offer the only means of escape.

As I was groping in the loose sand and dust, my hand touched something smooth and round. I picked it up and one may imagine my surprise when I saw by the dim light that it was a skull, dry and yellow with age. I felt about in the sand and found more bones, evidently part of a human frame, and one of the very things which had led me to take my trip, a roll of papyrus. Thrusting the latter into my blouse, I piled up some stones and then climbed up on them till I reached the lower boulder. Finding the chain strong, I with difficulty drew myself up to the upper projection. I was very weak and my head was bleeding freely and it was several moments before I felt strong enough to essay the last climb. I felt that if I did not get out at once I was doomed, as I was steadily growing weaker. The sand was sliding down through the hole in a thin stream and I



could see the darkening skies and hear the moan of the rising wind.

Spurring myself to a last effort, I grasped the edges of the hole and tried to draw myself up, but I was too weak. In the sand, however, just outside I could see a thorny bush and to that bush, which seemed then a thing sent to me by Providence, I owe my life. By a tremendous effort I succeeded in grasping it, and, getting one knee on the edge of the hole, I pulled myself out. The sense of relief at once more being free almost overwhelmed me, but my growing weakness warned me that I had no time for thanksgiving.

I bound up my head with a strip of my blouse and hurried to my camp, where I found my camel getting restless. The journey to my headquarters was slow and arduous, but once in Batn-Hajar I forgot my ills in my eagerness to decipher the papyrus roll. This I accomplished with some difficulty, and in its strange tale I found ample reward for my pains. As affording an example of the existence in the world of love and pride and hatred in the ages about which we know so little, I transcribe it literally, forthwith:

"I, Ptham, son of the richest noble in Hermonthis, being imprisoned by the order of the Almighty Priests, falsely accused of a grievous sacrilege, do set down these facts that my memory may one day be cleared of blame.

"Between my race and the race of Iphis, son of Hursor, long had existed a deadly feud. For generations had this hatred held apart the scions of the races, so long that the source of it has long since been lost in the mists of time and is known only to the gods in Amenti. Between Iphis and myself the hatred was most intense. We were both young and vigorous, and rivals in all things. In athletic contests, held to develop the young men of our tribes, we often clashed, and in some I excelled, and in others Iphis surpassed.

"During the games held in honor of Set, I

easily outstripped Iphis in all contests. Black as the countenance of the angered Phthah grew the face of Iphis, as I received the prizes from the hands of the priest. He strode over to me and in a voice of thunder said, 'By the Hawk, sacred to Horus Ra, I will be revenged upon thee. O Osiris, Eldest of the Gods, Ruler over all deities, Feeder of beings, King of the two worlds, great in dignity, everlasting empire! O, Thou, whose eye seekest out evil and subduest the wicked! Great Judge of the dead! Hear Thou my vow. If I before another moon have not humbled this Phtham and brought his whole race to the dust, may my spirit be forever exiled from Amenti and doomed to wander over the dark waters.! Hear me, O Great One ; witness my vow.'

"I sprang at the tellow and nearly strangled him before I could be dragged off. After that I never left my house without my dagger.

Several days later I went to the Temple of Horus Ra to worship. As I approached the shrine, the Temple was apparently deserted, but as I stood before the altar, I heard a step behind and before I could turn, someone had snatched my dagger from its sheath. I whirled and saw Iphis, my enemy. Save that no violence may be done in the Temple of the gods, I had surely killed him then.

"In a low, mocking tone he spoke: 'Now thou dog, Phtham, will I have my revenge, Listen!' Then he shouted aloud 'Help! Help! Phtham attacks me! Help!' Then he plunged my dagger into his neck and sank to the ground, dying. I ran to him and pulled the dagger from the wound, intending to fly from the temple, for who would believe me innocent of his death? I heard the priests rush from their apartments back of the shrine, and before I could gain the door I was seized from behind and bound. When the people heard the story of my supposed crime, all believed me guilty and they clamored for my death.

"The High Priest ordained that my race be

forever cursed and that my relations be sold into slavery. For me was reserved a cruel death.

"I was shut in this little cell in the ground far beneath the Temple, and here I write, hoping that some day, the eye of man may read and man may know, as the gods in Amenti know, that Phtham, son of Menes, died innocent.

\*           \*           \*

"I know for what fate I am destined. I know the lot of those who commit sacrilege in the Temples of the gods. I shall be chained up between the two stones in the walls of this very room. My prison cell will be my death chamber and my tomb. I am to starve.

"Aye, Iphis hath sweet revenge. My race enslaved, cursed forever, myself, dead by starvation. He must feel well repaid. The priests feed me well that my sufferings may be greater. I have been here a moon now and my fate is certain. Blood on my garments, dagger in my hand, caught in my flight, my guilt is proven, say the priests, and the people echo 'Aye.'

\*           \*           \*

"I was told when my food was last brought that I am to be chained to-morrow. O Osiris, Judge of the dead, let my sufferings here insure a high seat among the blest in Amenti. I hear footsteps and the clanking of chains. The priests come. I die innocent."

Here the manuscript ended, but I can see the rest. I can see Phtham dying by inches, his race damned by the cunning of Iphis, who is sleeping a sleep the sweeter since it insures so cruel a vengeance.

I treasure that manuscript above all others, for I have seen Phtham's prison cell and his death-chamber and I have caressed his bones. I have seen the stones between which he was chained, and the very chain which encompassed him in his death struggles lent to me its aid by which I breathe again in this life.

Several times since my first memorable visit to the tomb of Phtham, I have revisited the site of the ruined city, but no trace of the hole in Phtham's death chamber remains. The shifting sands cover all things and tell no tales.

L. C. C. '05.

The West Roxbury "Clarion" Dance was held Friday evening February 20. Stewart and H. Daly were present from B. L. S.

The officers of the Lynn Classical High School held their annual party on Friday evening, February 13. Boston Latin was represented by Captain Hanlon, Lieutenant Andrews and Lieutenant Bailey.

Who says they didn't have bank robbers in Virgil's time?

*Non bene ripae creditur.*

"Not too much trust is to be put in the bank.

*Vix ossibus haerent.*

Violence clings to his bones.

*Ils s'inquieterent tout de suite.*

They disturbed the whole suite.

*Nos chefs frapperaient le sol du pied.*

Our chefs would rap on the sun with their feet.

*Un cheval de petite taille.*

A horse with a short tail.

(Overheard in one of the rooms.) "If I were not a school master I would say that you were talking through some part of your wearing apparel.

Teacher: "Why haven't you got this translation?"

Pupil (off his guard): "I couldn't find any tr—er—I—ahem—I was sick."

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**B**EFORE the appearance of our next issue the colonel and majors will be wearing their extra stripes, the various appointments will have been made, and all will be looking forward to the annual parade. The prize drill will be a thing of the past. However, it is now very vividly before us, and every company is doing its best to round into winning form and prepare for the most important event of the military year. The committee of officers for the arrangement of the prize drill has been chosen. Quartermaster Wogan and Captain Shanahan are members *ex-officio*. The other members of the committee are as follows: Captain Littlefield, Captain Hanlon, Captain Mahar, Lieutenant Tobin, and Lieutenant O'Donnell.

Soon all arrangements will be perfected, and the quartermaster will begin the sale of tickets in the teachers' room. The prize drill is to be held in Mechanics Building, as usual, on April 3. Already we have had the measurements for our white pants taken, and it will not be long before we expose our defenceless

persons to the cool spring breezes on the march to Mechanics Building. Those who have been through this before cannot repress a shiver at the remembrance of the cooling atmosphere trickling through our duck pants on our limbs. All should take warning and be sure and have thick underclothing on, in anticipation of any sally the dying winter may make upon us. It only remains to wish success for one and all, and to hope for as good a day as we enjoyed last year. The companies will go on the floor in the following order:—

*Pony Companies.*

Co. H, Captain Middleton.  
Co. G, Captain Mahar.  
Co. F, Captain McMichael.

*Senior Companies.*

Co. C, Captain Hanley.  
Co. D, Captain Littlefield.  
Co. A, Captain Shanahan.  
Co. B, Captain House.  
Co. E, Captain Hanlon.

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A T H L E T I C S

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**BASEBALL.**

The baseball situation might be a little more settled than it is at present. We seem to be at a loss for a captain. Practice, which began

last year very early, is a good deal later this year. We hope Shanahan will decide to take back the captaincy which he resigned last January. Manager Hanlon presents the following

schedule of games. League games are in italics. There is a great chance for new men, and every one who can play at all should come out for the team.

#### SCHEDULE OF BASEBALL TEAM, 1903.

April 11. Dorchester High at Town Field.  
 April 15. Tech Freshmen at Franklin Field.  
 April 18. Groton School at Groton.  
 April 20. Salem High at Salem.  
 April 25. Bridgewater Normal at Bridge-water.  
 April 29. Roxbury High at Franklin Field.  
 May 1. *Brookline High at Newton.*  
 May 5. Open.  
 May 8. *Newton High at Newton.*  
 May 12. Boston College at Massachusetts avenue.  
 May 15. Arlington High at Arlington.  
 May 19. *Hopkinson at Locust street.*  
 May 22. Norwood High at Norwood.  
 May 26. *Cambridge Latin at Newton.*  
 May 30. English High (undecided).  
 June 3. Lynn Classical High at Lynn.  
 June 6. Wakefield High at Wakefield.

#### TRACK TEAM.

Our track team lost its first race at the Boston College Preparatory School games, Friday

March 6. We raced Mechanics Arts and lost by twenty yards. For us, Freedman, Ford, Norton, and Webber ran. The time was 3m. 15s. flat.

Owen McCusker, our old right half back, is running on the E. H. S. track team.

A. E. McCarthy, captain of last year's baseball team, gained most points at the Volkmann School meet.

The Latin School Basket Ball team has been playing under great difficulties. In the first place there has been a scarcity of candidates, and in the second place the team has been obliged to play nearly every game without some of the regular players. Accidents or illness have caused the absence of one or more players in almost every game. The scores of the games played are as follows :

B. L. S., 9 ; Everett High,	22.
B. L. S., 6 ; East Boston High,	13.
B. L. S., 20 ; Chauncey Hall,	6.
B. L. S., 5 ; East Boston	9.
B. L. S., 8 ; Mechanics Arts	5.
B. L. S., 9 ; West Roxbury	25.
B. L. S., 5 ; South Boston,	18.
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62	98

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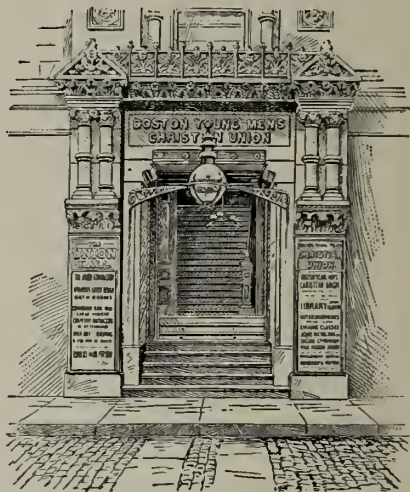
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